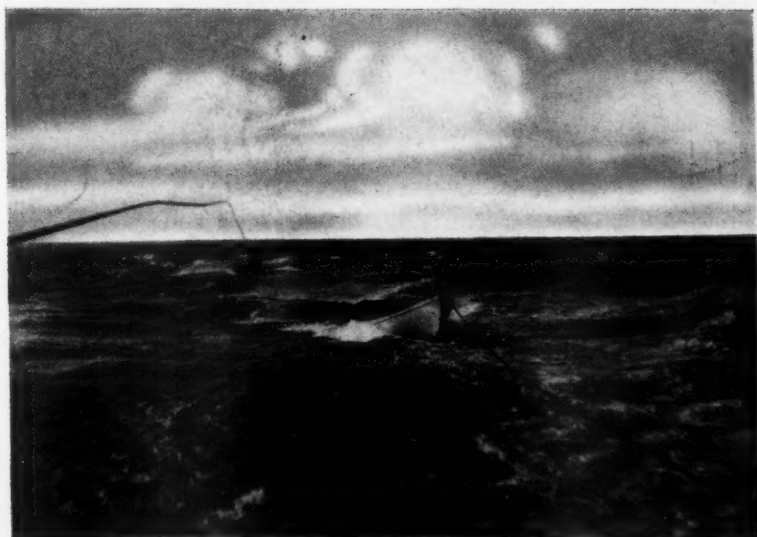


VOL. VII.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 8

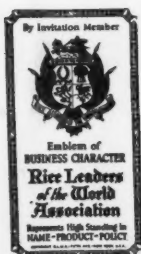


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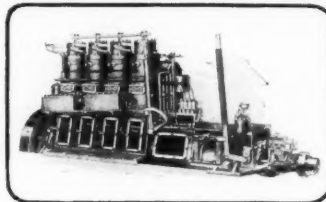
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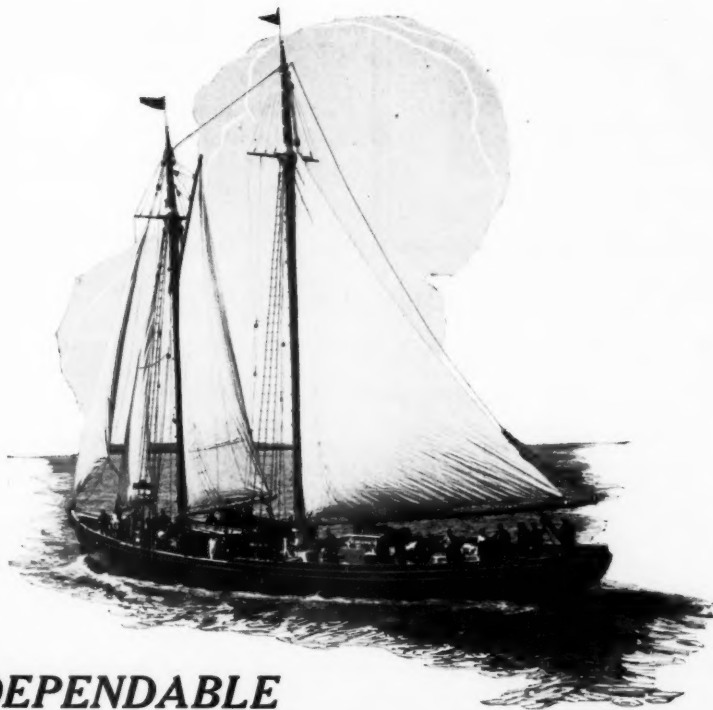
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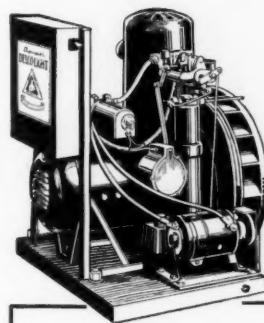
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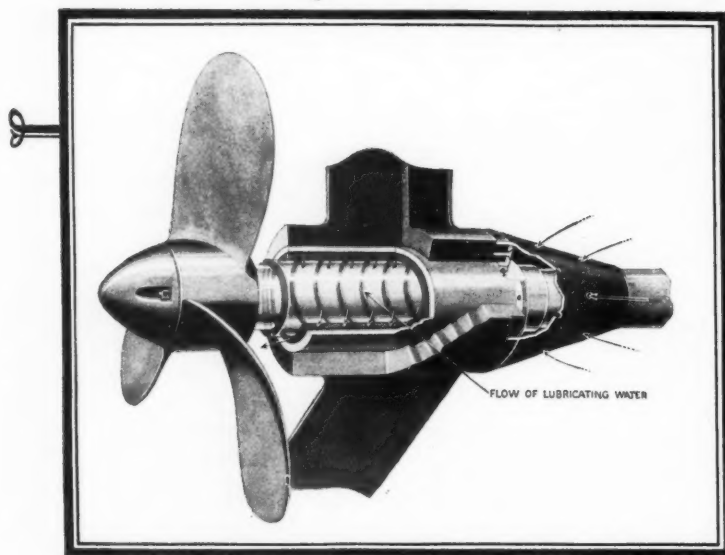
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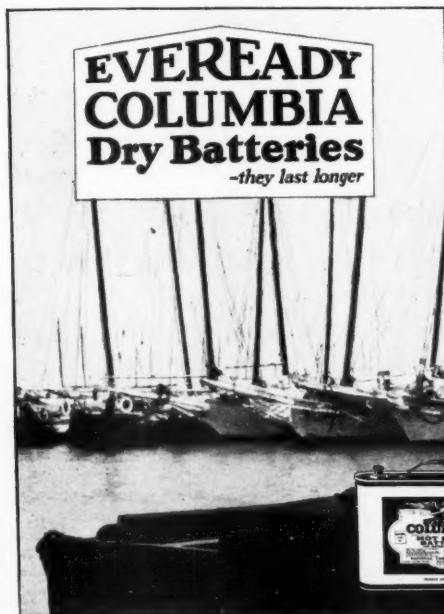
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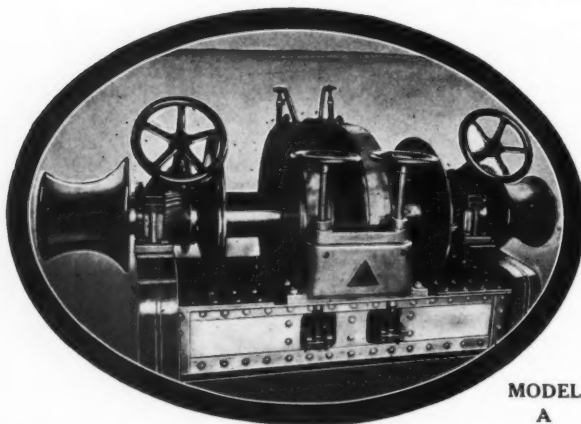


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MODEL
A

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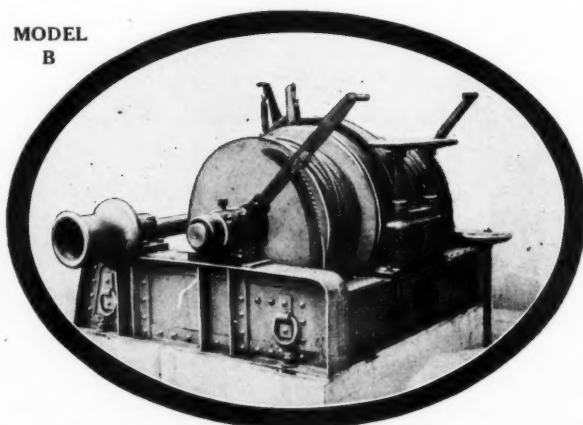
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MODEL
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Will Not Kink

Cannot Unstrand

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Avoid the loss of lobster-pots by using this non-kinking buoy line.

The life of NEBCO POT-WARP is much longer because it CANNOT UNSTRAND.



NEBCO POT-WARP is made "White Manila," Copper Clad or Tarred.

NEBCO BRAIDED MANILA is made in the same mills as NEW BEDFORD BRAND MANILA ROPE, the rope which is used on so many of Gloucester's finest vessels and which is so favorably known for its high quality and the lasting satisfaction which it gives. All New Bedford Brand Manila and Nebco products can be identified by the red and black marker on the inside.

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Tanglefin Netting
"Catches More Fish"

Quality and Service

National Net & Twine Co., Inc.
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Boston : : : : : Mass.

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1926 No. 8

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President
FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.

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To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

T Wharf Thirty Years Ago

THE view of T Wharf on the next page showing the dock on a market day in '96 will bring up memories and comparisons to many readers—those who are old dogs now. A few days ago three or four such sea lawyers had a look at the picture, and each one had to spin a bit of a yarn. Before they were done you'd think they were trying to see which could tell the biggest lie.

Even at that there was a lot of truth in what they had to say. They told about how so-and-so could handle a vessel, how such-and-such a one came in after the "biggest breeze that ever blew" etc., etc. Then they got to talking about the number of vessels and the cost of fitting them, compared to now. It was agreed that it was almost impossible to compare the business of then with today. Many things that are in universal use now had not been thought of then. About the only conclusion you could make from the talk was that if fishing is the awful job now, it must have been just a step out of Hades in those days.

But, with everything else changed in the thirty years, one thing is just the same now—the price of fish. That is, the ex-vessel price. The public pays more to the retail store and probably the retailer pays the wholesaler a little higher price, but the fisherman receives the same old two and three cents for haddock.

JUST before the hatches were battened down for this trip of the magazine it was definitely decided that a series of Fisherman's Races will be held off Gloucester October 2-4-5. Captain Clayt Morrissey of the *Henry Ford* has been busy at his

fishing but it seems as though he has been wondering right along why everyone considers the *Columbia* the only possible American racer. So out he comes with a challenge for the *Columbia* to meet his *Henry Ford*. No need to say it was accepted quick enough.

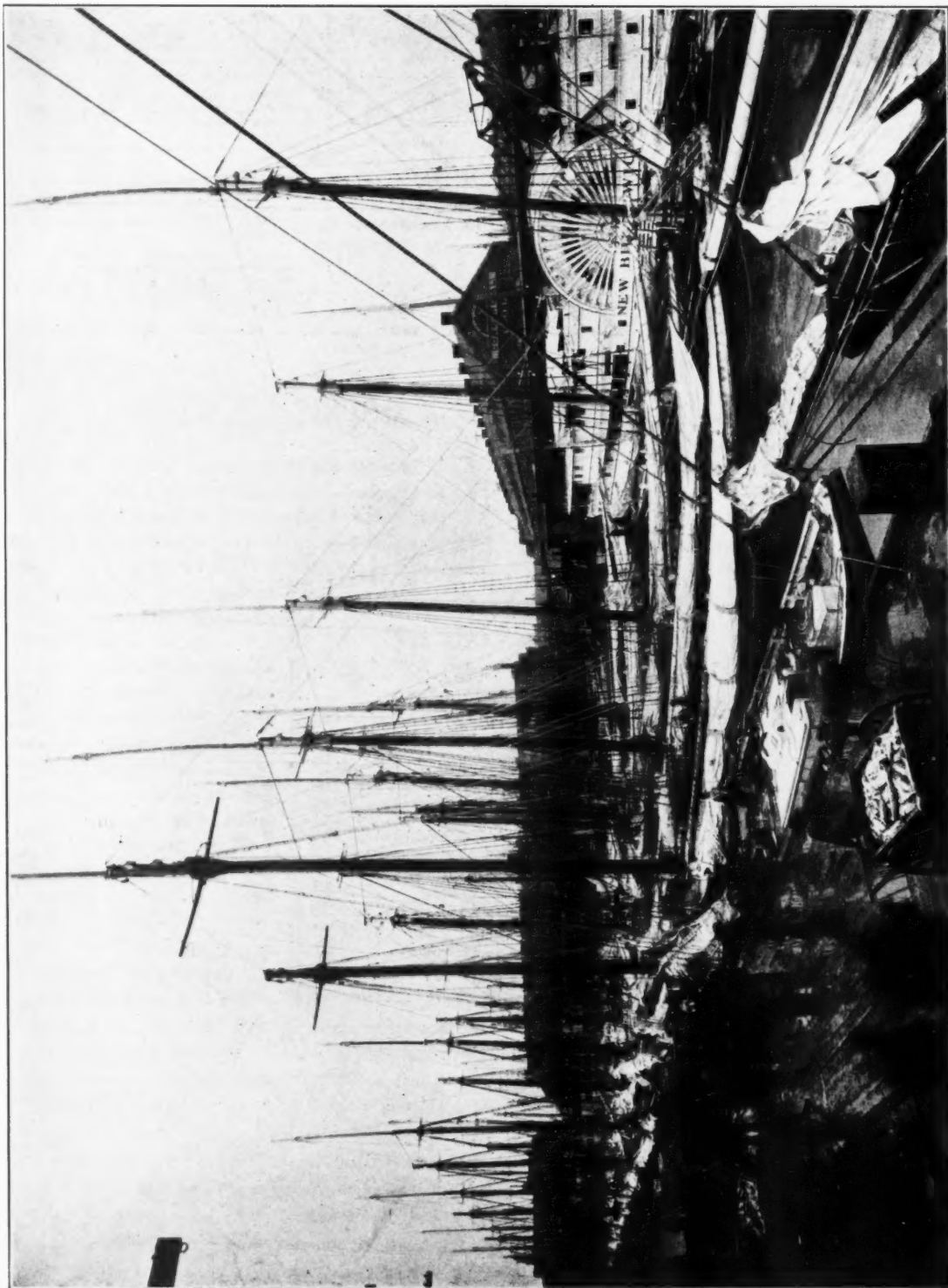
Things moved fast and before long it was announced that a couple of other speedy ones might try their worth against these two. So there will be a race without any arguments or hard feeling. It will be a

real fishermen's race with no frills or rules regarding ballast or sail areas. It will be a race that is a race and worth any man's time to see.

The next issue of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN will have the program, course and whatever rules there are. In fact it will be a regular souvenir number with an article on previous races by Albert Cook Church, and as many pictures of the vessels and races as we can crowd into it. You'll get enough pictures, good enough to frame, to fill a room.

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T Wharf, Boston, Thirty Years Ago

Photo courtesy Arthur L. Millett, Massachusetts State Inspector of Fish.

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 8

Sable Island Again

The Loss of the *Sylvia Mosher* and *Sadie Knickle*

By W. ALEXANDER DENNIS

ONE of the worst tragedies in the history of the Nova Scotia fishermen, was when 47 of her gallant sons were lost during a terrific hurricane which swept the coast on August 7, taking the toll of two of the handliners, the *Sylvia Mosher* and the *Sadie Knickle*, and causing considerable damage to other vessels.

The treacherous bars of Sable Island, the Graveyard of the Atlantic, the dread of all mariners, exacted its toll when on Monday morning, August 9, the handliner *Sylvia Mosher*, high-liner of the fleet for three years was found a total wreck on the outer bar on the north side near No. 4 station.

She was commanded by Captain John D. Mosher, one of the youngest skippers of the fleet, with a crew of 24, who had a record as high-liner for net earning in the Lunenburg fleet that was never before equalled. In 1923 and 1924 he landed the largest cargoes and paid the biggest dividends. Last year he again made a record for himself by paying the largest dividends to his share holders, and again this year he was most successful in being high-liner. On his first trip he reported 2200 quintal and had about the same fare when the vessel met with disaster.

Captain Mosher is survived by his wife and one daughter, Sylvia aged two years, whom the vessel was named after. Mrs. Mosher officiated at the ceremony when the vessel was launched at Mahone Bay, March 28, 1925. Captain Mosher was the son of Alfred Mosher of Corkum's Island. Other mem-

bers of the crew were—A. Tanner, Stonehurst, Lunenburg County; Freeman Corkum Feltzen, South, Lunenburg County; William Whynacht, Volger's Cove; Ladonia Whynacht, Liverpool; Kenneth Whynacht, Donald Whynacht, Volger's Cove; Caleb Baker, Guy Baker, Carman Baker, Arthur Baker, Melvin Richards, Frank Walfield, John Bell, La-

Have Islands; Enos Baker, Dublin, Lunenburg County; Aubrey Mosher, Corkum's Island; Calvin Tanner, Moyle Whynacht, First South, Lunenburg County; Adam Selig, Lunenburg; Leaman Graham, Rounsefell Greek, Blue Rocks, Lunenburg County; Hastings Himmelman, Bridgewater; John Wagner, Warren Wagner, Stonehurst; Fred Cleversy, of LaHave.

*"Say fair of him gone down at sea—
Brave soul outbound on life's adventure—
He lived his life as life should be."*

In expressing sympathy to you who are bereaved by the latest disaster on Sable Island the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN speaks not only for itself but takes the liberty of voicing the thought of the entire fishing industry of America. Since news of your catastrophe came, the loss could not have been felt more sincerely had the toll been from the local fleets. —Ed.

(WRITTEN ON BOARD
C. G. S. Arleux.)

Grim evidence of the fate of the *Sadie Knickle*, in command of Captain Charles Corkum was revealed when a party from the Canadian Government patrol steamer *Arleux* visited Sable Island and found a water tank and a barrel of flour, recently cast up on the North West bar, which was identified by Captain M. J. Parks, part owner of the vessel.

If the editor permits, I will relate briefly of our experience in the finding of the wreckage, which was to clear up the doubts of the friends and relatives who had waited in suspense for the past three weeks in hopes that some word might definitely decide the fate of the vessel and her crew.

Sable Island, eighteen miles long and one and a quarter miles in width, the dread of all mariners, is well named the Graveyard of the Atlantic, by reason of its long sandy bars that stretch for miles in shallow water on either end of the island.

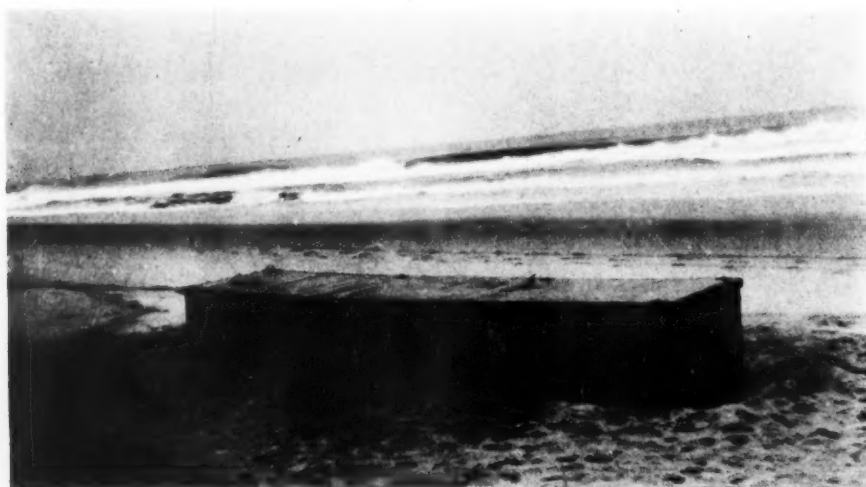
The C. G. S. *Arleux* was sent out by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, to hunt for wreckage, and to clear up the mystery of a reported submerged ship whose spars were said to be out of the water in the vicinity of Sable Island.

On Wednesday, August 25, the C. G. S. *Arleux*, in command of Captain H. P. Cousins left Halifax at noon and proceeded along the coast until reaching Whitehead, where a direct course was taken to bring her about the center of Sable Island. Although the weather was fine at the start Thursday morning found it cloudy overhead with a slight driz-

owner of the *Sadie Knickle*, R. J. Anderson and your correspondent left for the island.

After a brief conference with Supt. Henry it was decided to hitch up a buckboard and drive along the North West bar, to examine an unidentified dory that was reported washed ashore. Previously one dory, that had been hauled to the Main Station, had been examined by Captain Parks, but could not be identified as that of the *Sadie Knickle*. After looking at numerous pieces of wreckage along the North West bar, we arrived at a water tank, that had been recently cast up, about three miles from the North West light. This Captain Parks positively identified as belonging to the *Sadie Knickle*, by two holes in one end. The lowest he stated had been bored this spring.

The tank was full of sand, the lower part being



A WATER TANK OF THE *Sadie Knickle* WASHED UP ON THE NORTH WEST BAR OF SABLE ISLAND.

zle. Shortly before noon Captain Cousins ordered soundings to be taken and it was found that we were in 75 fathoms. After taking another sounding we sighted the North East part of Sable Island about noon.

The *Arleux* steamed along the side of the Island until opposite the Main station, where the steamer anchored. A surf boat containing Superintendent Henry came along side and boarded us. Supt. Henry stated he had nothing to report in regards to the *Sadie Knickle*. A number of dories, believed to have belonged to some fishing vessel, had been washed ashore on different parts of the island, some of which were badly broken up. He thought as the weather was particularly fine it would be a good plan for Captain Parks to view these at once.

A party consisting of Captain H. P. Cousins and First Officer Swansburg of the C. G. S. *Arleux*, James Glendon, a diver, Captain M. J. Parks, part

embedded in the sand bar. We found it necessary to dig away the sand with our hands so prys could be inserted to turn the tank over, in order that Captain Parks could look at its top. It was also necessary to procure a rope so the ponys could help in turning the tank, and while away Captain Parks, accompanied by Superintendent Henry and one of the men of the station, drove out along the bar to see the dory. Here a barrell of flour, very recently washed ashore was found. The barrel was believed to be under the deck of the *Sadie Knickle* and was found about four miles from the North West Light, in the vicinity of where the spars of a reported vessel were seen by a trawler. The name could be plainly read on the barrel's head, "*Sadie Knickle, La Have*", in blue marking pencil. Captain Parks stated he had purchased stores in Halifax at M. J. Ritey's and believed this to be a barrel of flour sent with part of the stores from Halifax to LaHave.

On returning to the water tank it was pushed over, on its side, so Captain Park's could see the top, which he identified as belonging to the *Sadie Knickle*.

Having completed as much as possible of the investigation in that section and feeling everything possible had been done, we returned to the main station, where Mr. Harvey and the station crew took us back to the *Arlaux*.

The sun was just setting over the island, when we arrived on board, and all felt that we had been amply rewarded in our mission, to relieve the doubts and anxiety that had cast a gloom over the fishing community of Lunenburg County in general.

Seven o'clock on Friday morning was bright, and fine with a slight breeze. The anchor of the *Arlaux* was weighed and the ship proceeded along the North West bar of Sable Island, returning on the other

her rigging as they were swinging back and forth with the waves.

The wreck was north west by west, half west from the West Point Light of Sable Island about 14 miles. In 43.58 north latitude 60.25 west longitude. She laid in 12 fathoms of water. As long as the spars held in position, it is stated she is a good mark for navigation to fishing vessels, to keep off as she lays just west of the shoals.

At 3.15 the *Arlaux* proceeded south, quarter south in search of more wreckage of the *Sadie Knickle* and at 4.15 some eight miles off the West Point light the steamer was directed towards Halifax.

During the trip Captain Parks seemed to be under an intense strain and was greatly relieved when he was able to identify some parts of wreckage and send a wire, that would relieve the doubts of those waiting



CAPTAIN M. J. PARKS IDENTIFYING THE *Sadie Knickle*'s TANK BY THE TWO HOLES IN THE END.
Left: SUPERINTENDENT HENRY OF SABLE ISLAND.

side of the island in search of more wreckage of the *Sadie Knickle*, and the vessel reported seen with her masts out of water.

A sharp lookout was kept by the officers and crew of the *Arlaux*. The course taken by Captain Cousins off the Main Station was NW by N $\frac{1}{2}$ N, 24 miles; SW by W $\frac{1}{4}$ W, 15 miles; SW by S $\frac{1}{4}$ S, 12 miles. From this position we saw the spars of a vessel sticking out of the water. Hauling north east $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles we came up to the wreck. The *Arlaux* stopped at 3 o'clock to investigate the wreck which was believed to be that of the Gloucester fishing schooner *Falmouth*, that was abandoned because of a fire 24 miles off Sable Island during the latter part of June. The crew at the time it will be remembered were all rescued. The spars were protruding about 10 feet out of water badly charred from the flames that had licked up her masts. It is believed that the masts were being held in an upright position by part of

for word at home, as the men and their families were personally known to the Captain.

Great praise was due to Captain Cousins, First Officer Swansburg, Second Officer McLean in the splendid manner in which they handled their ship to and from the island. It was only last Spring that Captain Corkum of the ill-fated vessel was on the bridge of the *Arlaux* to help pilot her out of the La-Have river where the *Arlaux* was engaged in breaking ice. At all times during the trip Captain Parks and Captain Cousins did all that could be done in mapping out a course in search for wreckage of the *Sadie Knickle*.

It will be remembered that the Lunenburg fleet suffered heavily during the early spring from severe storms, but not for 37 years have two vessels been lost with all hands. This was when two of the Grand Bank fleet were returning home. The *Morris*

(Continued on page 18)

Model Fisherman *Mayflower*

Winner of Model Fishermen's Race

1925



55 Inches Overall

15 Inches Beam

8 Inches Deep

The *Mayflower* was built and sailed by Captain William J. Foley of Eastport. The model race is an annual event and the Captain hopes to repeat this fall. Last year the entries included the *Columbia*, owned by Capt. Samuel Matthews; the *Defender*, Capt. Guy Sullivan; *Shoe Peg*, Capt. Lonzo Adams; *Halligonia*, Capt. Warren Sullivan, and the *Mayflower* shown above with Capt. Foley's daughter Frances.

A year ago the race was sailed in a good breeze and it is said that the *Mayflower* won with ease.

Early Trawl Fishing On Grand Bank

WHEN and by whom was a trawl first used on the Grand Bank? According to Les Français dans l'Amerique du Nord, the first trawl was laid in 1789 by Captain Sabot of Dieppe, France. It was not a new invention; the "long line" or "ligne de fond" had long been used by the Normans and English to take cod and other fish in the English Channel.

Captain Sabot was also the first to anchor his vessel on the Grand Bank, according to the same authority. All bankers, previous to 1789, it is said, lay hove-to on the fishing grounds, drifting, while their crews fished from the deck with handlines.

Having anchored his ship and constructed his trawls, Captain Sabot put out his boats to set the trawls, one end of which was held aboard the ship, the other being anchored by means of a stone and buoyed. In the early morning the trawl was raised by dragging it by hand aboard the ship. The trawl was set and hauled aboard several times during the day.

"This new method of fishing was a marvellous success," says the French chronicler. In the first year Sabot

made extraordinary catches for that epoch; twice he returned to Dieppe with full fares of green cod. On learning the fortunate results of the new method other captains decided to try it. The fishermen themselves, notwithstanding the dangers to which it exposed them, wished to adopt it, in order to escape the fatiguing immobility to which they were condemned in their hand lining posts."

It may be presumed that deep sea fishermen then were not the best of small boatmen. In running out the trawls, boats were upset, and men drowned. The French Government presently noted these losses,

and issued an edict forbidding the practice of the new method.

But the French Government was not especially popular with the fishermen of that day, and the prospect of extra earnings outweighed the risks. More and more French vessels operating on the Grand Banks began to anchor, and employ "les lignes dormant." Hauling in their lines by hand

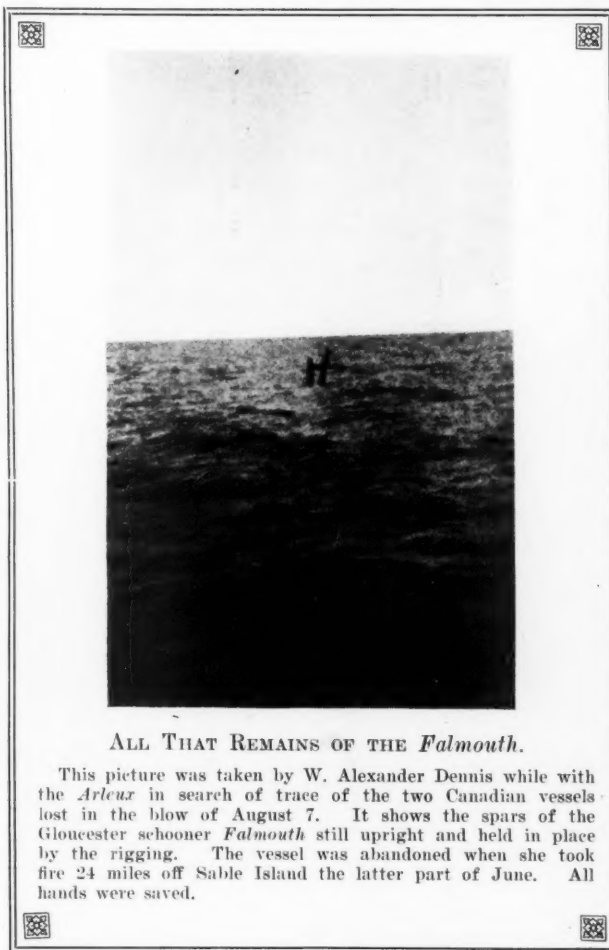
was hard work; so somebody invented a little winch. Three men could then haul a trawl, one turning the winch, another keeping the hooks clear and coiling the line, a third gaffing and removing the fish.

It would appear that for some years the fishermen thought they were doing well to operate one trawl, the length of which is not given. But a little later, says the French chronicler, they installed two winches and two lines of trawl; that to larboard had 24 pieces of 60 fathoms each, and was hauled on board with the winch; that to starboard had 35 coils of 60 fathoms each. This latter was either hauled aboard by the second winch, or picked up by a boat starting from the buoy at the outer end,

or by both methods at the same time. According to these figures, the trawl on the starboard side was 2,100 fathoms long, or just over 2 nautical miles; that on the port side 1440 fathoms, or about one and a third nautical miles.

It was quite a number of years before French fishermen began to put out in their boats without an end of the trawl attached to the parent ship; to start, as fishermen do today, and set trawls with anchors and buoys at both ends a mile or more from their ship at anchor. This was a development

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ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE *Falmouth*.

This picture was taken by W. Alexander Dennis while with the *Arleux* in search of trace of the two Canadian vessels lost in the blow of August 7. It shows the spars of the Gloucester schooner *Falmouth* still upright and held in place by the rigging. The vessel was abandoned when she took fire 24 miles off Sable Island the latter part of June. All hands were saved.

A Log of the Fisheries

August 6—September 3

Fri., Aug. 6—Schooner *Henry Ford* in Portland with halibut trip, stocks \$4,370.

Sat., Aug. 7—At meeting tonight, American Race Committee sets August 9 to 12 as tentative dates for series this year.

Mon., Aug. 9—Yesterday the annual tribute to Gloucester's men lost at sea was paid. After an impressive ceremony and an address flowers were cast on the ebb tide to the seven men lost since last August. Schooner *America*, Capt. Geo. Hodsdon, makes two trips within eighteen hours today. She was in Gloucester with 8,000 of mackerel at five o'clock this morning and at 11 tonight, after going to the Highlands and getting 85,000, she was back again. The fish on deck were flush with the rail when she arrived. *Tues., Aug. 10*—Capt. Lem Spinney, on his return from a halibut trip, says that five of his men were chased by wolves when they landed on Labrador shores to hunt for fresh meat.

Wed., Aug. 11—The following letter was sent today to the New England Fish Exchange by Arthur L. Millett, Massachusetts State Inspector of Fish.

"It often happens that this office, in performing its fish inspection duties, condemns fish at the Blackstone Street market on Saturday afternoons and evenings.

"On investigation I find the bulk of these unfit-for-food fish come from the Boston Fish Pier and that some financially interested in carts at Blackstone Street are employed at the Fish Pier.

"The point of the above statements is obvious. The Fish Pier cannot afford to have the Blackstone Street market known as an outlet for its unfit-for-food fish that it could not otherwise sell or would not sell to its regular customers.

"The fresh fish business, at present, is being conducted quite generally on a quality basis so that it seems too bad that some concerns should allow fish unfit for food to reach the poorer buying class of people through the medium of men who are known to be in the employ of the Fish Pier concerns for years.

"I therefore ask your organization to adopt such stringent rules as may prevent in the future any fish of doubtful or unfit-for-food quality reaching the hands of anybody else, and to this end I suggest that all poor fish be so cut, hacked, mutilated or severed into small pieces as to preclude its being offered for sale any where.

"With an expression of appreciation for considerable evidence on your part during the past few years to cooperate, for a good fish standard, with the fish inspection work of the Commonwealth, I remain."

"As a fish dealer you are asked to assist in preventing poor quality fish from reaching the Blackstone Street market, Saturday afternoons and evenings, through ANY channel.

Respectfully yours

ARTHUR L. MILLETT,

State Inspector of Fish.

All the advertising in the world won't counteract the practices complained of by Mr. Millett. The industry cannot grow unless the public can have confidence in the quality of fish. More power to you, Mr. Millett!

Thurs., Aug. 12—Charles McVane of Long Island, Maine, a hand in the Portland schooner *Alice M. Doughty*, had his dory stove in by a swordfish. The fish stuck his sword and part of his head through the bottom, tearing away a square foot of planking. McVane was rescued by the *Audrey* and *Theo*, just before the boat went under.

Fri., Aug. 13—Flounder dragger *Roma* of Gloucester took fire and sank in Ipswich Bay today when the engine exploded. The gill netter, *Eliza C. Riggs*, Capt. William La-

fond, rescued the crew and captain after they had been badly burned and cast overboard.

Sat., Aug. 14—Word comes from Washington that fillets, fresh, frozen or packed in ice, provided they are in containers weighing more than 15 pounds are dutiable at 2½¢ a pound.

Mon., Aug. 16—Two of the O'Hara fleet, the *Lark* and *Shamrock*, are at Boston today with fine trips. The former has 190,000 and the *Shamrock* 150,000.

Tues., Aug. 17—Tinker mackerel are striking well up inside Gloucester Harbor. The Italian boat *Six Brothers* made a set between Ten Pound Island and the Fort and took about 1,000 pounds. Sunday the *Virginia* set in seven feet of water and although her seine was forty feet deep, 1,000 pounds were landed and the twine kept intact.

Wed., Aug. 18—Last week continued the successful mackerel year, 15,474 barrels fresh and 737 salt being landed by the fleet. The fish are running a little larger than last year, and the week's total is nearly three times as large as for the corresponding period a year ago. Total

landings to the end of the week are 193,133 barrels fresh, 3,819 barrels salt. Last year at this time 90,149 barrels of fresh and 2,562 of salt had been brought in. Fish sold from 2 to 5½¢ last week.

Thurs., Aug. 19—Receipts at the Boston Fish Pier for the year up to the 12th of the month total 109,759,350 pounds as compared with 105,898,480 pounds a year ago. There have been 2,630 trips this year—2,416 last.

Fri., Aug. 20—Today is the third in succession that the *Orion*, Captain John Dahlmar, has been in Portland with a mackerel trip. Wednesday he had 17,000, yesterday 14,000 and today 40,000. Not a bad three days' work!

Sat., Aug. 21—The swordfishery this season is away ahead of last year. So far 11,582 fish have been landed, while a year ago at this time 7,023 was the catch. Of course the price is somewhat lower but good stocks have been made, and the boats have had a very successful summer's work on the whole.

Mon., Aug. 23—The seiner *Roamer*, Captain Rice, of Bristol, today completed the record week's work of the season's mackerel business. She is in Portland with 75,000 this morning, making a total of 200,000 pounds landed within a week.

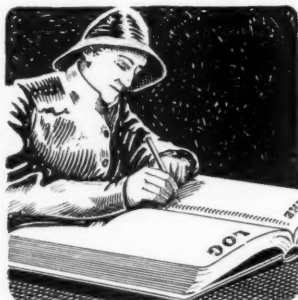
Tues., Aug. 24—Yesterday was another million-pound day at Boston. Captain Carl Olsen was there among the fleet of twenty-four. He is keeping up his work as an unsurpassed halibut killer.

Wed., Aug. 25—According to a recent survey made by the United States department of commerce, the value of fisheries products exported from Newfoundland during the last fiscal year amounted to \$13,000,000, which was more than half the value of all exports from the country. Approximately \$10,000,000 of this amount represented dried codfish and cod oil accounted for another \$1,000,000. About half of the codfish goes to Spain and Portugal and a small amount to the United States.

The standards of living among the fishermen of Newfoundland, the report discloses, have been steadily improving during the last ten years, due largely to the Fishermen's Protective Union, a co-operative organization which has 250 branches and 20,000 members. This organization is affiliated with the Fishermen's Union Trading Company, which is an important factor in the marketing of fishery products and in the distribution of merchandise required by the fishermen. The annual turn-over of this company is said to be \$3,000,000.

Fifty thousand men, women and children—one-fifth of the population of the country—depend on some phase of the fishing industry for their livelihood. Approximately 15,000 ves-

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Liverpool Jarge

By HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN IV.

ON a day just after the city election I entered the Bell in Hand and, in the back room found my friend Mr. John Savage Shaghellion seated at his favorite table. There was a plate before him liberally garnished with mustard and a rind of Brie cheese. Also an empty pewter mug. "I see," said Shaghellion, "that the town went wet spite of Billy Sunday and all." He picked up his mug and sniffed at its fragrant emptiness. "Now," he said, "we can have our pint of bitter whenever we likes it and how."

I called the waiter and ordered two halves and Mr. Shaghellion seized the opportunity to get in with a request for another bit of the cheese.

"Yes," I said, "she went wet. Also I see that Billy denies that he's descended from a monkey."

"Maybe he's right," said Shaghellion. "Maybe he's right and maybe he's wrong. Some is and some ain't."

With which cryptic utterance the old gentleman applied himself to the cheese. Having finished it he combed the crumbs out of his whiskers, took a drag at the ale and drew his pipe from the deep pocket of his cardigan jacket.

"Maybe he's right," he repeated, "and maybe he's wrong. Some is and some ain't."

He lighted the pipe and blew a cloud ceilingward. I waited. So did John. After an embarrassing interval of silence I called the pot-boy again. Mr. Shaghellion's face lighted miraculously. "Listen," he said.

"A good-for-nothin' nevvie of mine brang home a book out of a second-hand store the other day with a poetry piece into it about a cove named Arden what went away on a long cruise whalin' or somethin' and when he comes back finds his wife married to some other unfortunate."

"Well, Arden shows good judgment and slips down to the front and ships aboard a lime-juicer for Chiny or some other eastern port and never comes back. The same day the nevvie reads this to me I read a piece in the paper about some missionaries comin' back from the Ivory Coast in Africky."

"Them yarns brang up what happened to me and Liverpool Jarge and Jemmy Dutch in Greenwich and on the Ivory Coast. I mind it like yesterday."

"Me and Jarge and Jemmy come off a long cruise with a poke full of tin and, bein' all nice, sober, easy-goin' men, we says we'll stop ashore for a bit and we takes lodgin' with a widder woman in Greenwich in a very ship-shape little cottage with vines onto it. And a garden!"

"We had a large room with a big bed and a sofy for a pound a week with breakfast and a very good pub not more than a cable's length down the road all very snug when Jemmy and Jarge spoils everythin' by gettin' very lovin' toward the widder."

"A pair of fools as ever was. Neither of 'em had any chance as they might know, the widder rather fancyin' a tall, upstandin' man with whiskers as she told me with her own lips one day when I was askin' her if I'd look better if I shaved. Not that Jarge was so horrible to look at—not with his clothes on."

"But he had things tattooed onto him that would have got him life, if he'd tried to send himself through the post. As for Jemmy he warn't hardly fit for any woman to look at without sergamin'. He was built low and very beamy especially forrard with a kind of heavy over-hang. He had a chest like a scuttle butt and a bullet head set down between his shoulders and pig eyes and a undershot jaw and no forehead and long arms so his hands hung to his knees and was bow-legged and toed in."

"Aside from that, as my nevvie says, he was all right."

"He was covered all over with a kind of reddy brown fur and hated to wear shoes. Matter of fact he never did wear shoes unless he had to. His great toes was near as long as thumbs and the way he'd use his foot like a hand was a gift."

"I mind once seein' him squattin' on deck splicin' a rope and both hands busy and a marlin spike hangin' around his neck by a lanyard and Jemmy tosses up his foot and lifts off the spike as theffy as you like, and sticks it in the deck all ready to use."

"Jemmy was always very reckless with his money. The second week he goes off up to London and comes back with a breastpin made out of diamonds that he'd paid ten pounds for, his last farthin' and him stony, and gives it to the widder."

"That night him and Jarge goes on the outs and has it hot and heavy through Jarge askin' how Jemmy's goin' to stand his share now. They'd been sleepin' together and Jarge took the sofy and I had to bunk with Jemmy and along about four bells Jemmy got me by the throat and bit me in the shoulder dreamin' it was Jarge. I thought he'd kill me before I fit him off and got out on the floor."

"Next mornin' I turned out early and went down to the chemist's for a bit of liniment for my shoulder and when I comes back there's hell to pay and no pitch hot. Seemes like this was what happened."

"Jemmy'd left his trousers on a chair by the winder when he'd turned in and somehow they'd blowed out and lit in a quince bush. He looks out and sees 'em and says how Jarge hove 'em overboard. Jarge looks out and just then the widder comes out and begins to prune a rose bush and Jarge says he fancies he'd better go help her. With that Jemmy grabs Jarge's trousers and heaves 'em out too and they go into a clinch."

Well, they fit and rolled till they brung up in passage and somehow they get stuck with their legs through the stanchions of the banisters. Just then the widder comes a runnin' and looks aloft and sees four legs, two of 'em hairy and the others, which was Jarge's, all decorated heathenish, and she screams and faints."

"When she come out of it, she said how she hopes she's been brung up respectable and how she don't object to gentlemen takin' a little gin and water, she'd do the like herself to be sociable, but it's goin' too far when two lodgers roll on the floor, and no lady as calls herself such could bear to look on naked limb stickin' through the banister. So she says she desired us to pack up and go to the place from whence we had come from. And we did."

"We went up to London that day and before night I had my pocket picked and Jarge bought a gold watch for eight quid that was stole, and so was sellin' cheap, but it didn't have no works and the case was brass and worth nothin', and the next mornin' we all shipped aboard the barkentine Starlight, bound for the west coast with rum and calico and fifteen-shillin' trade muskets."

Well, sir, we hadn't got blue water under us before Jarge and Jemmy was friends again. By the time we raised Cape Verde they was thicker than a couple o' mutineers. Jarge got very interested tryin' to learn how to scratch his ear with his foot same as Jemmy. He'd practice hours, very ridiculous, but he never got good at it."

"We made port, only there warn't no port, at a point about 100 miles west of Bassam and dropped the mud hook a mile off shore where there was a tradin' post set in a clearin' cut out of the jungle and run by a gang of Frog-eaters."

"There was a big warehouse that was called a factory
(Continued on page 24)



Few Cod Migrate From Petit Manan

R. B. & C. G. STEVENS, packers and wholesalers of Jonesport, recently came into possession of a U. S. B. F. tag taken from a codfish caught by Mark F. Stevens of Jonesport. This was reported to the Bureau, and the following letter was received in reply:

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Bureau of Fisheries

Woods Hole, Mass.,
July 27, 1926.

Atlantic Fisherman,
100 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Bureau acknowledges your letter of July 14 enclosing a letter from R. B. & C. G. Stevens of Jonesport, Me., who report the capture of tagged cod No. 34,150. Delay in answering has been caused by my absence from headquarters.

We are very glad to receive this record and give you the history of the fish as follows: tagged July 14, 1925 off Petit Manan and recaptured June 26, 1926 in the same locality. In this connection it is interesting to note that nearly all the cod tagged off Petit Manan lighthouse have been recaptured in the same locality within a few months to a year later. The several fish which migrated went to Canadian waters to the southern shores of Nova Scotia.

The Bureau of Fisheries has tagged 25,000 cod, 6,000 haddock and 5,000 pollock since April, 1923, when the investigation began. These fish were caught and tagged by our own vessel *Halcyon* fishing from Nantucket Shoals, Mass., to Petit Manan, Maine. The *Halcyon* is now out of the service and another vessel the *Patuxent*, renamed *Albatross II* has been transferred from the Navy to the Bureau of Fisheries. The first cruise of the *Albatross II* is scheduled to begin August 5, 1926 to Georges Bank.

Yours very truly,

WM. C. SCHROEDER,
In Charge of Cod Tagging.

Early Trawl Fishing on Grand Bank

(Continued from page 15)

which could only come about as a result of repeated ventures in small boats away from the parent ship on fishing banks far from land, where the menace of fogs and sudden storms look different from a small boat than from the deck of a substantial vessel.

It would be interesting to know if the French claim that fishermen of Dieppe were pioneers in "trawl" fishing on the Grand Banks is correct. The probability is that it cannot be challenged. What are called trawl lines on this continent—the lignes dormantes or night lines, may have been employed in rivers, lakes, bays and off the coast of North America before 1789. But setting and handling such lines in landlocked waters or waters in sight of land is a different proposition from experimenting with them on the Grand Banks hundreds of miles from land.

At the time of Captain Sabot's experiments with trawls, very few British vessels were using the Grand Banks. The British had good fishing grounds nearer home, to which their vessels could come and go without risk of being raided by French warships or privateers, in event of war. The French preferred to send their deep-sea fishing vessels to the

Grand Banks rather than to the North Sea or to Iceland, because in event of war, then frequent, they had a better chance of getting home safely from the Grand Banks than from important European fishing grounds. At that period too, New England and Nova Scotia sent few vessels to the Grand Banks, because they could count on good catches on the lesser banks—a shorter distance from their home ports. Newfoundland may be able to challenge the French claim, and if so, some of her historians should do so. The ancient colony was largely settled by fishermen of the eastern end of the English Channel. They probably brought over a knowledge of the "trawl" or long line; but when they, or their descendants applied that knowledge to fishing on the Grand Banks is not a matter of general knowledge.—Canadian Fisherman.

Sable Island Again

(Continued from page 13)

Wilson, in command of Captain Sam Knickle was lost 35 miles south west of Sambro. Captain Knickle was the brother of Alexander Knickle of the firm of Adams, Knickle and Company. The other vessel was the *Georgina* from Yarmouth that was lost six miles off Sambro and was towed into Three Fathom Harbor by Captain John Geldert.

At the time of writing bodies believed to be from the two handliners (*Sadie Knickle* and *Sylvia Mosher*) were being washed ashore on Sable Island.

The crew of the lost vessel *Sadie Knickle* were: Captain Charles Corkum; Walter Wamback, Wade Wamback, Mount Pleasant; Wm. Wamback, Broad Cove; Norman Conrad, Cherry Hill; Simon Busch, Robert Busch, Harvey Busch, La Have Islands; Robert Haugn, Andrew Shankle, Basil Shankle, Pleasantville; Ross Pierce, Jerry Hemmion, Samuel Firth, Shelburne Co.; Joseph Chaisson, Cyril Chaisson, Amede Chaisson, Thomas Martell, Amos Burke, St. Peter's and Horace Rino, Halifax County.

Stone Bait And Trained Fish

FOR years there have been legendary allusions coming from the South Seas about trained fish and stone bait, and an explanation of these terms has recently been given.

Present-day inhabitants of the Mariana Islands are as unfamiliar with the training of fish or the use of stones in catching them as are fishermen elsewhere. But the ancient practices, substantiated until now only by legends and by strange, rounded stones excavated from graves in the old burying grounds of Guam and other islands, have been authenticated. Furthermore, an island where the natives gain their fish supply in this very manner has been found.

The bait is a smoothly formed hemisphere of stone about five inches in diameter. It is suspended from

tough cords of cocoanut fiber with the flat surface of the hemisphere uppermost. To this side is attached a hollow cone of cocoanut shell, its edges gummed firmly to the stone. There is a small opening in the top at the point of the cone. Into this hole the native fisherman squirts from his mouth a pulp of cocoanut meat which he has chewed fine. Then the bait is ready for use.

Daily during the months of June and July the natives dangle the stones from their canoes, keeping them close to the bottom at a depth of some fifty feet. By jiggling the bait up and down they spread the cocoanut pulp through the water. A fish called "Achuman," the Chamorro word "achu" means stone, is particularly fond of cocoanut.

After two months of regular feeding they are trained to follow the stones daily. Then during August and September the stones are brought nearer and nearer to the surface of the water, until the fisherman with a hand net can gather in his unsuspecting victims, and the trained fish become food.

A Log of the Fisheries

(Continued from Page 16)

sels, averaging about 50 tons each, are engaged in cod fishing. *Thurs., Aug. 26*—Two Wedgeport fishermen, James and Edgar Pothier, recently had a thrilling experience with a shark. While tuna fishing off Big Fish Island a shark jumped clear of the water at the man in the pulpit. Fortunately he missed but he caught a piece of plank in his jaws and left besides marks of his teeth deeply embedded, a large tooth which broke off.

Fri., Aug. 27—Mackerel is king—today anyway. About a million and a half pounds are in Boston and Gloucester this morning. Enormous quantities are going to the splitters at 2c a pound. Trips average about 40,000 or 50,000 pounds. The *Pilgrim* has 65,000.

Sat., Aug. 28—The mackerel catch for the week ending today is 15,484 barrels of fresh and 135 salt.

Mon., Aug. 30—The total value of fishery production in Canada in 1925 was \$47,926,802, compared with \$44,534,235 in 1924. These values represent the value of the fish marketed whether sold for consumption fresh or canned, cured or otherwise prepared.

The value for 1925 is the largest recorded for any one of the past five years, and exceeds the average of the five years by \$5,575,057 or 13 per cent.

British Columbia is first among the Provinces with a product valued at \$22,414,618, followed by Nova Scotia with \$10,213,687; New Brunswick with \$4,798,589; Ontario with \$3,346,412; Quebec with \$3,044,919 and Prince Edward Island with \$1,598,117; the value of production of the Prairie Provinces and the Yukon territory was \$2,420,458.

Tues., Aug. 31—An immense shark, one of the largest ever seen by local fishermen, was landed today by steamer *Enterprise*, Capt. Peter Tysver, a gill netter. The fish became entangled in the nets and was towed in as it was too large to be hoisted on deck. The shark measured about 18 feet long, and weighed about 2,500 pounds before it was dressed, and when opened contained about a barrel of silver hake, an eight-pound codfish, and a medium-sized dog. Its liver nearly filled a mackerel barrel. The shark was shipped by truck to the Boston market.

Wed., Sept. 1—Price of mackerel jumped to seven cents at Boston today after a period of 2 to 5 cent fish. The *Orion*, Captain Dahlmer has 65,000 pounds.

Thursday, Sept. 2—Three coasters are at Gloucester today from the eastward with 650,000 pounds of salt fish.

Fri., Sept. 3—Today the market is glutted again with mackerel. Receipts at Boston and Gloucester total well over 1,000,000 pounds.

With the Vineyard Fishermen

By JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

AUGUST has dropped astern, but like every other August, it has left a wake behind it. It seems as though the events of the season occur during this month and while there are some pleasant happenings, the boys can't be blamed for dreading it just a bit, because there are some unpleasant ones as well.

Swords struck inshore on the thirtieth of July, and on that day the small fellows, lobstermen and the like, got a crack at them. So much for the fish. On the very next day a naval sea-plane crashed in Vineyard Haven harbor and killed two men; her crew. It don't take much of an imagination to understand how such a happening might shake up the nerves of the inhabitants of a quiet locality such as ours is. Following this event things ran on in the usual way until the middle of the month.

On the 15th, the friend of every sailor and fisherman on the coast, sailed on his last trip.

Chaplain Madison Edwards of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. He was seventy-six years old, and for more than fifty years had been running a seaman's bethel, keeping a



MENEMSHA CREEK, MASS.

light burning and a warm corner by the fire for any sort of waterlogged human derelict that might drift in on the tide.

Just about this time two lobstermen got into a fight at Cuttyhunk and one died of his injuries. Neither one belonged on either of the islands, but the fight took place in Dukes County, so that for the first time in more than sixty years we have a man in the county jail, charged with murder and awaiting trial. Now I ask anyone, man to man, wouldn't you call that one H—L of a month?

To get back to the fishing, everything has had its ups and downs and the luck inshore has been pretty light. Our traps have done very little, most of the catch has been butters, with a few scup and mackerel. For the last ten days of the month, however, there have been a few suiteague. Not many at that, but enough to make the boys prick up their ears, because they haven't been catching any at all, back along.

The lobsters crowded on everything and moved right through the sound, never stopping to take on stores or ballast, and so for some time our boys have had their gear well off-shore. They find some lobsters there, but the difficulty is that the water is doggone lumpy most of the time and we have had a lot of thick weather. Then too, there is a school of battleships cruising around here and it is one of their favorite out-door sports to play a sort of game of tag across the strings of pots. Incidentally, it may be said that a man-of-war does not have a cage on her propeller. If anyone needs more details let 'em write to headquarters and enclose return postage.

The handliners have been on fish nearly all the month. A most peculiar thing because they fish all around the traps, and bring in very decent fares of scup, jumbos at that, and quite a little bunch of tautaug and sea-bass. Of course, these boys have to work to get their catch, but who in blue blazes don't?

We have had one little spell of weather, funny stuff, too. A deep water man might have said that there had been an

(Continued on page 23)



Mug-Up Yarns

Send in poems, jokes and stories for this column. \$1 for every joke published and \$2 for stories and poems.

The Speed of the Whaler *ANGIE*

By J. C. A.

*From the reckerds, old and musty,
You kin gether menny tails
Or the speed of anchunt vessels
Thet depended on ther sails—*

*How they raced acrost the oshun,
Part fer bizness, part fer fun,
And ther time wuz most amazin'
'Fore the age of steam begun.*

*But ef old folks bilt fast vessels
They bilt slow ones now and then,
And this here will tell the story
Of the whaler, Angie Penn.*

*Sumwhair on the Bay, they bilt her,
When thair waant no derth of wood,
And they never skinned in biddin,
She wuz planked and timbered good.*

*But her moddel wuz a puzzle,
And the sailors used ter tell
Thet they shifted ends each sezoon
And the ship sailed jest ez well!*

*So it wuz a Newtown cappen
Got command of that air "sled",
He wuz famed fer draggin canvas,
Allus blowed it off, they sed.*

*And sezze: "Ef sails and codrage
Holds tergether in a blow,
Give me aul the wind I ask fer,
And I'll make the critter go!"*

*Waal, she sailed, the wind wuz breezin
Tell it blowed up haaf a gale
On her quarter best fer sailing,
And the skipper cracked on sail.*

*Courses, tops'ls and top-gallants,
Stays'ls, stuns'ls, aul she'd stand,
And at sundown she wuz foam'n
Strait off-shore past Nomansland.*

*Aul nite long the wind held stiddy,
And the ship wuz sailin sweet,
Fer the skipper woodent "shorten",
Never started "brace er sheet".*

*And he chuckled ez the water
Whit with foam went swirlin aft,
Ez he sed, "Fair wind a-plenty
Will git speed frum eny craft!"*

*But at sun-up, after drivin
Like a mainjack aul nite,
Loomin plain, rite frum the taff-rail,
Nomansland wuz still in site!*

*So ye see the old-time vessels
Waant aul bilt fer makin speed,
And the time they made a-cruisin
Wuzzent kept fer folks ter read.*

*But the reckerd of the Angie
Hez endured frum anchunt daze
Ez the slowest thing thet bidders
Ever lunched frum off the ways!*

Vineyard Gazette.

Notes From The Provinces

SCHOONER *Margaret K. Smith*, Captain Frank Whynacht picked up Raymond Selig, of Port Medway member of the crew of the fishing schooner *Clayton Walters* in an open dory on August 27 off Halifax. The *Margaret K. Smith* reported 2,400 quintal of fish.

On reaching home Captain M. J. Parks of LaHave, who went to Sable Island on the fisheries patrol cruiser *Arleux*, in an effort to determine the fate of the LaHave handliner *Sadie Knickle*, visited the homes of the men who were lost on the ill-fated vessel.

Cod and herring were quite plentiful off Port Dufferin the first of August. A small school of whales were reported off harbor.

Every member of her crew badly shaken and bruised, her decks swept of everything movable, the Lunenburg handliner *Mary Ruth*, in command of Captain Corkum arrived home on August 11, surviving the hurricane of August 7. She lost her cable and 18 dories. The vessel was fishing off Sable Island in the locality of the *Sylvia Mosher*.

The fishing schooner *Eugene and Doris*, Captain Wamboldt arrived at Liverpool, August 16 with 20,000 pounds of cod and 700 pounds of halibut.

The Halifax Herald is to be commended upon for its progressiveness, in getting in touch with Hon. W. A. Black to have the Canadian Fisheries patrol cruiser *Arleux* go to Sable Island in search of wreckage of the *Sadie Knickle* to clear up the doubts and suspense that had existed in the hearts of the Lunenburg County people for three weeks after the hurricane of August 7. At Sable Island the Herald representative was the first to get in communication with the Marconi wireless operator on the Island, about an hour after discovering wreckage on the North West bar to convey the news to the outside world.

The Canadian Government steamer *Arleux*, Captain H. P. Cousins on the way back from Sable Island, encountered a school of porpoises. The fish kept right at the bow of the ship that was proceeding about 10 knots. In the evening of August 27 the *Arleux* passed a fleet of fishing vessels about 20 miles north west of the Nor' Wes' Bar of Sable Island. Included in the fleet was a beam trawler, and several Canadian and American fishing vessels. On the way to the Island while proceeding along the coast, the *Arleux* passed several American swordfishermen.

The first Grand Banker of the Lunenburg fleet arrived home August 16, the *Gladys Mosher*, Captain John Mosher, with 2800 quintal of fish, to show for her two months and ten days fishing. The vessel's catch for the season is about 4,800 quintal. On the frozen baiting trip she took 800 quintal and 1,200 quintal on the spring trip.

The scallop fishing fleet have been hauled up at Digby undergoing repairs in preparation for a busy season. During the month of July and August the fishermen have found it unprofitable to operate. During August the price in American markets is particularly low. Several new boats are expected will be added to the fleet.

In an interview with Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division, he stated that approximately 7,000,000 pounds of fish were landed in Nova Scotia in July more than for the same period of 1925.

This substantial increase was largely made up of haddock, with an increase of nearly 3,000,000 pounds and in herring with an increase of over 3,000,000 pounds.

The chief landings of cod were in Halifax district where the catch was 2,741,300 lbs., Guysboro 2,271,300 lbs., Yarmouth 1,871,400 lbs., Lunenburg 1,815,900 lbs., Shelburne 1,453,100 lbs. and Digby and Queens with 700,000 lbs. each.

The chief landings of haddock were in Yarmouth with 1,666,000 lbs., Halifax 1,294,800 lbs., and Canso district 748,100 lbs.

The large increase in the herring catch was quite general along the mainland coast, Digby taking 1,343,600 lbs., Yarmouth 922,800 lbs., Shelburne 1,066,000 lbs. and Lunenburg 670,000 lbs.

The lobster catch for the month shows an increase of nearly three hundred per cent, due almost wholly to brief extensions of the fishing seasons. The Island of Cape Breton catch was 774,200 lbs., as compared with 459,300 lbs. for July 1925.

The catch of salmon, which showed a large increase for June, continued to be successful during July, nearly 614,000 lbs. being taken, as compared with 358,500 lbs. for July

(Continued on page 23)

Who's Who Among the Skippers

BY CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

Captain Frank T. Marshall

Age—53.

Vessels

Handlining out of Deer Isle when fourteen years old.

At eighteen, hand in schooner *Ida L. Ray*.

Later in the *Alpine*, *Franklin*, *Nickerson*, *William E. Downes* and *Hugh Kelley*.



Home—Deer Isle, Maine.

Commands

First, while still a young man, the schooner *S. G. Haskill* for S. G. Haskill.

Later, the *Massasoit*, E. H. Weaver, New Haven, Conn. Several steamboats and yachts.

Now a new fifty foot schooner yacht owned by Elmer J. Bliss.

Family

Married sixteen years ago. Has two daughters and a son.

"Forty years of buffetting the storms, ship wreck, and other vicissitudes of the sea have failed to dim the alertness of his eye."

Fishing Notes from Maine

BY THE FISHERMAN'S DOCTOR.

THE Bucksport schooner, *Hines*, Captain Wharton, on the banks on her second cruise this summer after fish, in the recent bow lost her cable and one anchor, but suffered no other serious damage. She is making good fishing, and all hands are reported well, and she expects to return with a full fare about middle of September.

Tuna fish in large numbers have reported off York Harbor. Five fish were brought in which weighed collectively three thousand pounds. The keeper at Boone Island Light reported that he had seen fish off Boone Island which were fifteen and twenty feet long, and that they were not Tuna fish.

Congressman White is quoted as being strongly in favor of a Fisheries School under State of Maine organization to offer opportunity to young men to obtain a technical education on fish and fisheries.

About the middle of August there was a get-together meeting of the Directors of the Maine Co-operative Sardine Company at Eastport, and many of the Packers along the coast from Stockton Springs to Calais attended, and there was much discussion of the business but no definite action of any nature was reported.

The weirmen at Cape Rosier have been getting plenty of herring lately, but prices have been so low that it has hardly paid to catch the fish.

Donald Prentice of Cape Rosier has bought a Friendship sloop from William Eaton of Little Deer Isle.

No trace has been found of the twenty-five Nova Scotia fishermen who were lost by the wreck of the Lunenburg schooner, *Sylvia Mosher*. The Canadian government steamer, *Lady Laurier*, cruised to Sable Island but found nothing.

Schooner, *Hattie Loring*, brought a cargo of cans and sardine packing supplies from Eastport to the Stonington factory.

Ben Davis of Frenchboro has launched his new boat.

The fishermen of Frenchboro, Outer Long Island, have or-

ganized a band and play for the weekly dances.

The American Can Company's plant at Sea Street, Eastport, closed for a short time as their output exceeded the demand.

Herring are very plentiful in Passamaquoddy Bay and both American and Canadian weirmen have good supplies and demand for them is very good. The Canadian price, fixed by law, yet holds at \$10.00 per hoghead, and fishermen pay a dollar a tub for bait. For a time there was a run of larger size herring fit only for smoking or for mustard sardines, but now there are plenty of sardine size herring.

The market for fresh fish at Eastport is low, and local fishermen find little demand for their fish. Haddock are plentiful and sometimes fetch two cents a pound, and a cent and a half is paid for cod, and scrod fetch half a cent.

The Beardsley plant at Eastport has just put up five hundred cases of flaked cod.

Portland has been almost swamped with fresh mackerel. The Jeffrey's Bank fleet of mackerel seiners brought in over two hundred thousand pounds in one day. There were five Gloucester schooners in the fleet. A seine steamer brought in seventy thousand pounds of mackerel.

Rumor of a great fire at Swan's Island reached Bucksport and we feared the fishermen of Swans Island, Minturn and Atlantic had suffered, but investigation showed that Swan's Island was safe but that fire had ravaged Marshall Island and had practically burned up everything but the ledges. There were no inhabitants there and no fishermen suffered. The Swan's Island Fisheries plants are not buying many fresh fish and Hake are not good in supply nor in price. The Parkhurst Fisheries are reaching for all the fish livers they can get for manufacturing medicinal oil. The lobstermen are not doing as well as usual, and price averages about thirty cents.

All the Eastport canning factories except two are running full time.

At Mansett the Stanley plant is buying and selling fish, and haddock are too plentiful. It seems to be a slack season for fishermen.

Lobster Boat Design

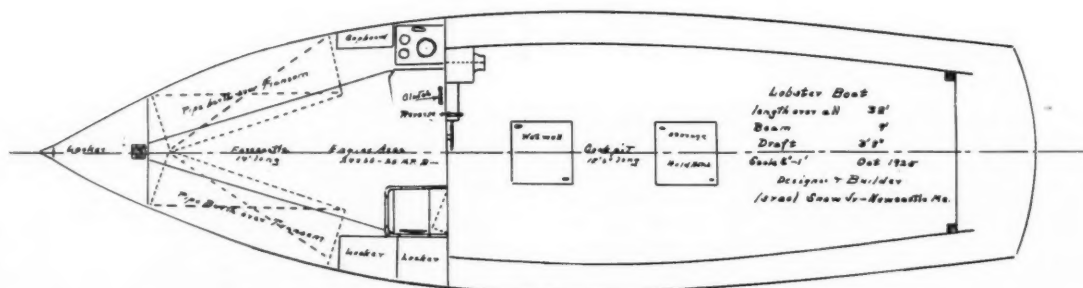
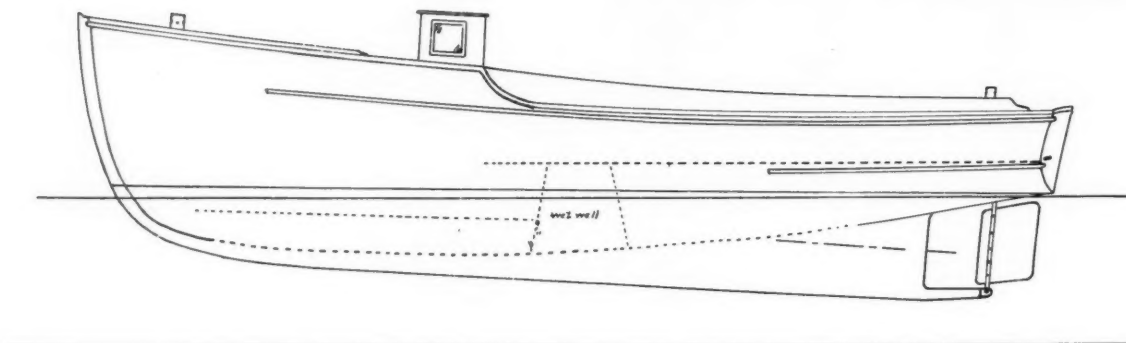
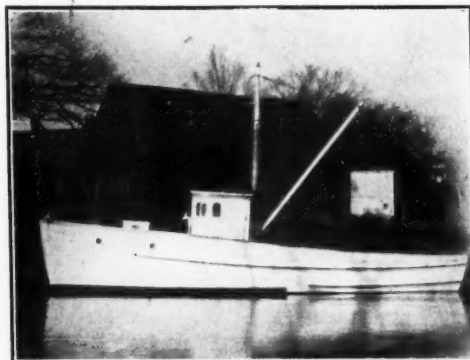
Built and Designed by

I. L. SNOW, JR., Newcastle, Maine.

Length— 38 ft. oa.

Beam— 9 ft.

Draft— 3 ft., 8 inches.



News from the Provinces

(Continued from page 20)

1925. The Cape Breton catch was about 200,000 lbs.

July 1926—Total quantity of all fish landed, 33,937,600 lbs.; Total value, \$633,449.

July, 1925—Total quantity of all fish landed, 26,813,600 lbs.; Total value \$518,639.

The Lunenburg fleet having suffered one of the greatest disasters in its history, when two of the handliners were wrecked on Sable Island with the loss of both crew, it has been felt extremely doubtful if an International Fishermen's race will take place this fall.

Lunenburg is still recovering from the sad blow, when in the terrific hurricane that swept the coast the early part of August, claimed the lives of 47 men. It is also felt at Gloucester, according to word received in Halifax, that no race will be pressed in view of the tragic circumstances.

The *Bluenose*, Captain Angus Walters, returned to Lunenburg on August 27, with one of the largest fares she has ever reported. The vessel had 2800 quintals of fish from the Grand Banks. The *Haligonian*, Captain Roger Conrad, is understood to be still completing her catch, but will in all probability arrive home shortly.

At the time of writing the *C. G. S. Arleux* was starting again for Sable Island, to bring the bodies washed ashore, back to Nova Scotia.

With the Vineyard Fisherman

(Continued from Page 19)

earthquake at sea. Most of our local weather sharks claim that it was the tail end of one of the southern hurricanes. Anyhow the sea kicked up something scandalous and ran as high as it did during the August gale of two years ago. Their wasn't breeze enough to sail a dory in though, and in twelve hours it had flattened right out. Odd stuff, when you think of it, but it knocked the ballast out of about three hundred lobster pots while it lasted.

Long ago the boys raised the question of who put the rubber collars on the mackerel. Now they want to know who in the devil put em on the swordfish swords. The idea is this: We have caught a few of the last-named variety which were decorated with rubber bands, and the boys would like to get a line on the bird who caught them first. His methods might be worth studying, they opine. They would probably try them out for the catch of swords inshore, like everything else has been slim.

Offshore things have been different. Some of our skippers are already being measured for high-powered sedans and we expect to see lace curtains on the cabin deadlights mighty soon. About the best fishing that has been heard of hereabouts is the last trip of the schooner *B. T. Hillman*, Capt. Horace Hillman, of Edgartown. He came in with 139 swords on the twentieth. On the last afternoon he fished on Brown's Bank he took 54 fish between three o'clock and dark. Capt. Bob Jackson has got to watch his step or Horace will get the weather gauge of him. We've got some swordfish killers on the Vineyard and you may lay to that. Some day we'll spin a yarn for the benefit of ATLANTIC FISHERMAN readers.

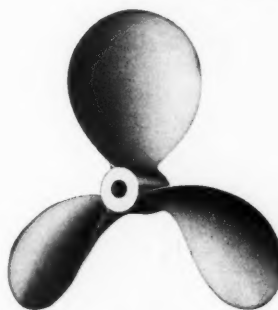
We had a visitor, this last month, who may have been mentioned elsewhere. Capt. Harold Hathaway of Taunton, in his new schooner *Roseway*. It should be explained that Capt. Hathaway doesn't fish all of the time. He has to take some time off to straighten out the legal kinks that even the best kind of folks sometimes get into. But we folks who know him, rise to inform the universe that when he does fish, he does it right.

This schooner, by the way, is just about the prettiest thing you ever saw outside of a store window. 108 feet overall, 24 ft., 6 in. beam and 13 ft. draught. She is 112 tons gross, and was built at Essex by James and Son, and fitted in Gloucester.

"The first vessel to be timbered throughout with New England Whiteoak in twenty-five years!" says the proud skipper. She didn't have her topmasts stepped when she came in, but her four lowers give her quite a spread of duck. Her main boom is all of sixty feet and there is no skimping anywhere else.

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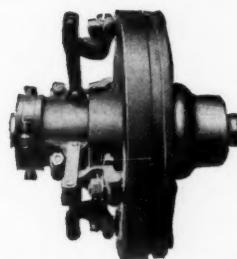


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This seems to be just about the whole works as far as news goes this month, but you can take it from the cook's mate that all hands are doing fine and are able to take nourishment at least six times daily. The cod are running, there's haddock close aboard, election-time is approaching and nobody is worried.

Out of the lot, it might be said, there is one who is living in a world that is just a trifle above the atmosphere commonly occupied by his struggling fellow men. Donald Poole, one of our young Chilmark boys signed articles for life on the 28th. Miss Dorothy Cottle of Edgartown was the party of the second part who agreed to keep his buttons sewed on. All hands wish them a long voyage and a happy one.

Liverpool Jarge

(Continued from page 17)

with a stockade around it and it was hotter than Port Said, and that's hotter than hell. In the mornin' when the sun come up like a red ball with a kind of a foga hangin' along the coast, about 1000 niggers all sizes would scuttle out of the bush and break for the surf. Some was so little they couldn't walk, but they could swim, and every now and then a shark would grab one, but nobody minded.

"Neither me nor Jarge nor Jemmy had ever been there before, but Jemmy liked it from the first. He said it looked like home and he was very keen on gettin' ashore. We lightered out the cargo on bamboo rafts and we got a chance to see the tradin'.

"All day long niggers would come out of the jungle one at a time carryin' a tusk, or a crock of oil, or a chunk of rubber, or maybe a pound o' glod dust on his head and they'd trade and go out with a musket or a bolt of cloth or a piggin' of rum. They kept it up for days. And Jemmy kept tryin' to get out of the clearin', but the Frenchies wouldn't let him. Jemmy said how it rather seemed he'd been there before, but he wanted to see.

"Well, after about a week we dropped down to Grand Bassam for more rubber. And directly Jemmy begins to talk about desertin'. He said he liked the country. And Jarge got very restless, too, owin' to his seein' a lot of Ashanti niggers with rings in their noses and some very strange tattoo marks on their shoulder blades.

"The two of 'em got me very nervous and one day we each had a pound off the mate and Jarge stole 400 small looking glasses and 50 iron knives and put 'em in a sack and hung the lot over the side from the anchor chains. That night we stole a dug-out canoe and slipped out and got the goods and paddled across the lagoon and early next mornin' started up a little river.

"Well sir, a mile back the jungle got that thick you couldn't see two fathom in, what with trees taller'n a main-mast and vines and parrow-keets and monkeys screamin' up aloft.

"Jemmy peeled off his shirt and hove it overboard and said he felt like a new man and he was glad he came.

"Once we see a big snake about five fathom long hangin' by his tail to a tree and wavin' his head around and Jemmy fair went mad. He fell down in the bottom of the canoe and his teeth chattered and he made a noise in the back of his throat. There warn't any danger because we kept to the other side. And after we'd got clear of the riptile Jemmy said he couldn't no way account for how he felt he havin' never been scared of snakes barrin' some he see once when he'd had a lot of rum at Port au Prince, and he fancied he must be rather nervous. He felt better after a bit and seemed to forget all about the snake and stood up in the boat and bellered and beat himself on the chest and ground his teeth somethin' horrible.

"Long about sundown we rounded a bend in the river and come on a clearin' with a lot of wattled huts with grass tops and a couple of hundred niggers come a-runnin' with spears.

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"We beached the canoe bold as brass and stepped ashore. The niggers didn't have much in the way of clothes barrin' a few beads and one of 'em an old top hat and one a corset and all of 'em with chunks of ivory and clay pipes and copper wire and such jammed through holes in their ears. They seemed friendly enough and very keen on Jemmy. They'd keep crowdin' around and runnin' their hands over his fur and when they'd get too thick he'd roar and they'd skip back squeaking and chatterin.' We walks up to the village with the crowd around and then Jemmy does somethin' that puts him solid. One of the niggers has a spear with a flat wrought-iron head about a foot long. Jemmy takes it and holdin' it in his two hands doubles up the head like it was made of paper and hands it back to the nigger.

"Jemmy was uncommon powerful in his hands. I see him once aboard a ship take a half-inch iron bar and tie it in a knot. Never was a bloke 'fore nor since that could do such. When the niggers see Jemmy fold up the spear-head they was very much pleased and they leads us to a big hut and motioned it was for Jemmy. Jarge got very cross at that and he noticed the niggers had tattoo marks so he yanks off his shirt and shows 'em his. Jarge was a work of art, if I do say so, being all covered with beautiful ladies and such, and they fair went wild over him, and motioned he was to go in the hut, too.

"Well, I couldn't bend iron and hadn't no tattoooin' to speak of, but I know how to palm a coin, but not very thefty and mostly always dropped it, so I takes a chance and gets out a half crown I had. I tosses it up a couple of times and then palmed it and this time it worked and they said I could stop, too. So that was all right, and we had goat stew and turned in.

"Next mornin' we gives away half the lookin' glasses and about ten knives and settled down to stay. Right away Jemmy says how he feels more to home than he ever did anywhere and he sheds his trouses.

"We hadn't been there a week before a most amazin' change come over Jemmy. First off he gets very savage and wouldn't let none of the niggers come near him. When they did he'd snarl and bark very ugly. Then he pretty much stopped talkin' and begins sleepin' off by himself curled up in a corner. After a bit he quit eatin' meat and would set off by himself, squattin' on his ham bones, and wolf down about a peck of raw yams at once. Then he takes to climbin' trees. He was always a very good man aloft aboard ship, but now he'd swarm up a vine somethin' wonderful and get out on the end of a branch sixty foot from the ground and hang there by one hand for an hour at a time, sort of singin' to himself. And he'd make jumps from one tree to another that'd fair turn your stummick.

"Well, one day after maybe a week or so me and Jarge and Jemmy takes a little walk up a narrow path that led through the jungle. Jarge was very cross and kept naggin' at Jemmy to find out what had come over him.

"But Jemmy only snarls and won't answer. About two mile back from the village we come out on a little open space maybe as wide as from here to the Ames building with tall grass and no trees. We stands there lookin' about for a bit and Jemmy waddles out and stands up rather straight and begins sniffin' the air like you'll see a dog do sometimes.

"Then all of a sudden he lets go a beller that fair makes the trees shake. He gets an answer too. There's another roar only not so loud comes from the trees over there. And then, by the whiskers of Neptune, somethin' happens that nobody ever see the like before nor never will.

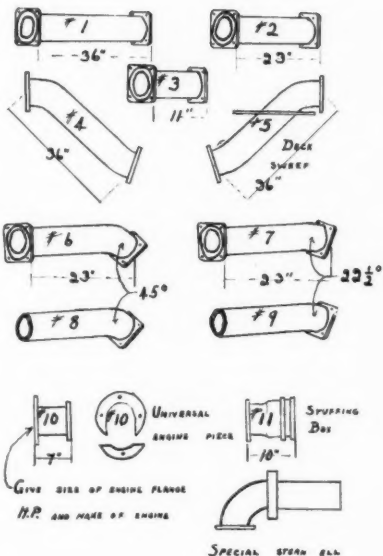
"Out o' the jungle comes another one just like Jemmy. Only it was a she one. When Jemmy sees her he runs forrard a bit and stops and straightens up on his hind legs and swells up his chest and beats on it with his great hairy fists. It made a noise like a Salvation Army man with the big drum. Jemmy runs forrard again and drums on himself some more and roars. Directly he comes up to the she one and she capers around him very flirtatious like. Jemmy fetches her a cuff on the nob and she fawns like a dog and he hits her again. Then Jemmy stands up tall and lets go one last beller and grabbed her by the arm and away they went into the jungle. The last we see of 'em they was swarmin' up a tree with Jemmy leadin'."

Shaghellion paused to relight his pipe. I was frankly disappointed with the tale. I had never heard him pitch a yarn before without something happening to Liverpool Jarge.

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6 in size	7.50 per foot for completed pipe
8 in size	12.50 per foot for completed pipe

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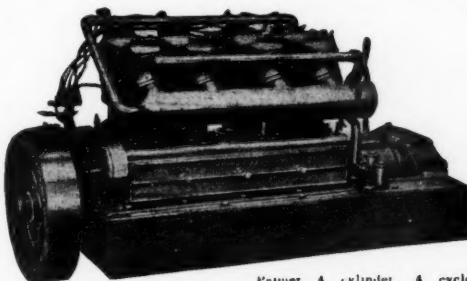
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"I thought," said I, "that you were going to tell what befell our old friend Jarge. Seems to me he doesn't figure here at all."

The ancient mariner held up a warning hand.

"Avast," he said, "steady as she is. Wait till I'm done. Me and Jarge went back to the village rather sad over losin' Jemmy. And about two days later we took the canoe and dropped down the river. We was fed up on niggers. Jarge was fair disgusted because he found they done their tattooin' with a ivory needle and the chief wanted me to marry his oldest darter so I knew it was time for me to go.

"We shipped aboard a Scandahoovian rum trader that was short a couple of hands and brought up in Christiania. I lost Jarge there and didn't see him again for 10 years. Then one day I runs foul of him on the street in London and we goes into a pub for a bit of a gam.

"Jarge don't seem the same man. He's very melancholy and quite broke in spirit. It comes out that he'd gone back to Greenwich and married the widder. And he's been stoppin' ashore now for eight years.

"He liked it very well at first but after a bit he wanted to feel the water under him and couldn't sleep nights. He rigged up a sofy with rockers to it and set it in the bow winder and hired a boy to pull a rope so the bunk would pitch and heave buckets of water against the glass. But that didn't seem to do no good and besides the widder stopped it. So Jarge got very down hearted and lost flesh; but he couldn't get away, the widder havin' money and all and him bein' very fond of cash in any form. When I see him he's a mere shadow. He asks me to come down to Greenwich and stop the night. And I did.

"The widder didn't seem any way pleased to see me but says I can stay if I like though she says I'd no doubt find it more comfortable if I went up to London. Anybody could see she was the skipper and Jarge didn't rank higher'n cabin boy. He plucks up spirit enough to make me stop. And I did.

"Next day was a bank holiday and there was a traveling menagerie in town. So to sort of loosen things up and make everythin' pleasant we all go, me paying for the tickets at two bob each. There was a big tent of cages and all kinds of critters inside.

"Just as we comes to a big cage with thick bars a cove in a checkered suit comes out and begins to tell in a husky voice, like old Bull Taylor of the *Morning Star*, how this was the go-riller. 'The savage go-o-rilla,' he says, 'captured in the wi-i-lds of Africky,' says he. 'Twenty men perished miserable,' he says, 'bringin' this nobel specimen here for you to see.' With that he takes a pitchfork and pokes a hairy critter that settin' back to with his head in the far corner.

"The go-riller hops up and comes forrard and stands hangin' to the bars. And strike me pink, sir, and blimie eyes, if he warn't the dead spit and the livin' image of Jemmy Dutch. The widder takes one look and covers up her face and squeals. The go-riller looks at her wishful and grunts. Jarge happens to be lookin' somewhere else when the critter comes out. When he turns back he finds himself face to face.

"'Jemmy,' says Jarge, very hoarse, 'Jemmy, me old shipmate.' And with that he slips under the rope and starts for the cage. 'Jemmy,' says Jarge, 'me old pal, shake hands.'

"It all happened in about two seconds. The go-riller slips out a long arm like he was going to shake, but he over reaches and catches Jarge by the throat with his great hairy paw. And he pulls him up to the bars and yanks Jarge's windpipe out same as the cook would yank the windpipe out of a chicken in the galley.

"The keepers come a-runnin', but they was too late. And that night the constable shot the critter. There was a piece in the papers about it next day how a go-riller killed a man in Greenwich. But if that warn't Jemmy Dutch, or maybe his oldest boy, I'll eat this pewter pot, empty though it is."

I signalled the waiter again. Shaghellion waited for some comment on his yarn. I made none.

"If anybody else told you that," he said, "you'd think it was a lie, wouldn't you?"

To which question I was able to reply earnestly, "I most certainly should."

